



Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories

The

BEYOND

JAN. 1955

10¢



CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

Up to **5 lbs.** a Week With **Dr. Phillips Plan**

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or YOU PAY NOTHING! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexital, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexital is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

\$1
12 DAY
SUPPLY
ONLY



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. CH-635 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check,

or money order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, postage prepaid.

NAME _____

CITY _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

☐ Send me Special 34 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

CODE OF THE SHADOWMASTER

THERE IS NO ESCAPE, LINC MARS!
PART OF THE DEERING FAMILY
LEGEND SAYS THAT YOU MUST DIE
AND BY YOUR OWN HAND - FOR
DOING THIS TO US!

NO? NO? THIS - THIS
IS SOME KIND OF TRICK -
AN ILLUSION?

IT STARTED ONE NIGHT ON A JUMPY CARRY
MONEY WHERE ARTIST LINC MARS WAS
PRACTISING HIS TRADE.

THERE YOU ARE, MONEY!
A WORK OF ART FOR HALF A
BUCK? YOU'LL NEVER GET
A BIGGER BARGAIN!

OH? WHY - WHY,
IT'S PERFECT! I LOOK
JUST LIKE ME!

SUPPOSE YOU WERE A SILHOUETTE ARTIST
AND THE GREAT DEMAND, LAST OF A FAMILY OF
MAGICIANS AND SORCERERS, ASKED YOU TO
GRANT HIM LIFE AFTER DEATH, AS PROMISED
BY HIS FAMILY LEGEND, SIMPLY BY CUTTING
HIS LIFELINE FROM A PIECE OF BURNING SACK-
CLOTH? YOU'D LAUGH, WOULDN'T YOU? THAT'S
WHAT LINC MARS DID, TOO BUT NOT FOR
LONG. SOON HIS LAUGHTER TURNED INTO
SOUL-FOURING SCREAMS.

BUT THE CROWD SOON DISPERSED.

CROWD'S THINNED OUT
UNTIL, AFTER THE DINNER
HOUR, I WROTE AS WELL.
TAKE A BREAK FOR
SOME CHOW!

MR. MARS? I BOB OF YOU
AGAIN TO LISTEN TO ME?
SO AS I ASK? THE MORE
I WATCH YOU WORK, THE
MORE POSITIVE I AM THAT
YOU ARE
THE ARTIST
I NEED!



BEAT IT, DERINGER! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR CRAZY STORY AGAIN! I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR OLD HAS-BEEN NARRATIONS! I—HEY! MAYBE I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

ALL THIS GOLD IS YOURS IF YOU DO AS I'VE ASKED! AND MORE, PERHAPS, IF YOU DO THE JOB WELL!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

I STILL THINK OLD DERINGER'S NUTS, WRITING THAT I COME OUT TO HIS BROKEN-DOWN OLD ISLAND CASTLE AT MIDNIGHT TO CUT OUT HIS SILHOUETTE! BUT FOR HALF THE GOLD IN THAT BAGG I'D GO TO THE MOON TO DO THE JOB, IF I HAD TO!

THE DERINGER CASTLE HAD EVEN MORE DECAYED THAN LINC IMAGINED.

WHEN THIS PLACE MUST BE A THOUSAND YEARS OLD! IT HOLDS THE CHILL OF DEATH!

IN HERE, LINC MURDER? I—I'M TOO WEAK TO COME TO MEET YOU, TO GUIDE YOU HERE!

FOLLOWING THE NOISE...

DO NOT BE AFRAID, MY FRIEND! THE WORK OF ART MUST BE PERFORMED IN THIS VOODOO TROPHY ROOM! I—I'M GETTING WEAKER BY THE SECOND, SO WORK FAST!

SO THIS IS WHAT A BORDERLINE WORKSHOP LOOKS LIKE, EMPEROR?



THERE! A PERFECT SHADOW CAST UPON THE BAGGLOTH! IT'LL BE EASY TO CUT AROUND IT!

BUT TAKE CARE! THE SILHOUETTE MUST BE PERFECT, THE LEGEND SAYS, OR THE MYSTIC POWERS OF THE BURIAL BAGGLOTH WILL NOT WORK!



THOUGH LINC HAD WORKED FAST, OLD DERINGER WAS FEARFULLY IMPATIENT...

MURDER! I FEEL MY OLD HEART BECOMING WEAKER! THE LEGEND SAYS THAT THIS MUST ONLY BE DONE AS I'M DYING, BUT I HOPE I HAVEN'T WAITED TOO LONG!

WHAT BUNK! WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR THE OLD BOY TO GO AWAY, THE JUNKY OLD MAG OR NOTHING WILL STOP IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WONDERFUL! A PERFECT LINE—NESS! ALREADY I FEEL THE MAGIC POWERS OF THE CLOTH BEGIN TO PULSE THROUGH ME!

GRAT, DERRING, THE JOBS DONE TO YOUR SATISFACTION! NOW, WHERE'S THE BOMB YOU PROMISED?



THEN THE OLD MAN FORTIFIED TO A HIDDEN WALL SAFE AND...

A GERINO ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISE. YOU SHALL HAVE MORE GOLD!

WOW! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THAT SAFE! WITH MONEY LIKE THAT I— I COULD LIVE LIKE A KING!

NEVER MIND, GERINO! I'VE DECIDED TO HELP MYSELF, JUST IN CASE YOU MIGHT NOT BE TOO GENEROUS!

WAAAAH! YOU— YOU FOOL! I WAS... GOING TO... GIVE IT ALL TO YOU... ANYHOW, BUT NOW YOU'VE

THE OLD MAN'S VOICE TRAILER OFF WEARILY AND LONG HAIRS HEARD THE DEATH RATTLE IN HIS THROAT BUT WAS UNMOVED...

SO I FILLED THE OLD CRACKPOT! HE WAS ABOUT READY TO COME OFF, ANYHOW! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? MAN, WHAT A FORTUNE!

Then

BUT I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T MATTER, MY FINE ARTIST FRIEND! YOU SEE, IF A GERINO DIES BY VIOLENCE, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, THE MURDERER BRINGS DOOM TO US... AND HIMSELF!

BY YOUR VIOLENT ACT WE ARE NOW ALL CONDEMNED TO THE HETTER WORLD OF THE UNDEAD. THERE TO DWELL UNTIL WE ARE RELEASED BY YOUR DEATH... AT YOUR OWN HAND!

THIS— THIS IS MAD! IT'S SOME KIND OF A MAGIC! IT— IT MUST BE! CUT IT OUT, GERINO!

A MOMENT LATER, IN A PUFF OF SMOKE, THE FIGURE OF GERINO COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED

I— I DON'T UNDERSTAND... STAND... GERINO'S CORPSE HAS DISAPPEARED, TOO! ALL THAT REMAINS IS THIS BIT OF CHARRED SACK-CLOTH! I— IT'S BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

The next day

THIRTY BRANDS! MORE MONEY THAN I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



WITH THE FIRST FLASH OF BODEN HEALTH, LING HANG SOON FORGOT THE MAGNIFIC EVENTS AT DENWOT'S CASTLE . . .



ONLY TWO HUNDRED BUDDS FOR THIS RAG, YOU SAY? OKEE, I'LL TAKE HALF A DOZEN, FOR NOW!

YES, SIR!

FOR A FEW HICKEY LING HANG LIVED HIGH, HIGH AND HANDSOME . . .



I USED TO WONDER HOW GUYS COULD GO THROUGH A FORTUNE SO FAST BUT NOW I KNOW I'M DOWN TO MY LAST FEW THOUSAND, BUT A LITTLE LUCK AT THE TABLES TONIGHT CAN FIX THAT!

BUT LAST LUCK WAS NOT WITH HIM



DOUBLE 6, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

CLEARED OUT? NOT A BLESSED BUDD LEFT! I MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? WHAT'LL I DO?

A FEW WEEKS LATER AND THE CAR, EXPENSIVE CLOTHES AND JEWELRY WERE ALSO GONE THEN . . .



OH, WELL, EASY COME, EASY GO! AT LEAST I CAN STILL MAKE A LIVING CUTTING OUT SILHOUETTES!

SOON HE WAS BACK AT HIS OLD HAIRTS . . .



SURE, KID YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD SPOT BACK AGAIN FOR THE SAME OLD CUT OF YOUR PROFIT!

GRAY, MAKE ME PULL THE CIGARET!

AND QUOTE . . .



THIS ONE'S ALMOST FINISHED! WHO'S NEXT TO HAVE THEIR SILHOUETTE CUT OUT BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTIST?

ME! I'M NEXT! THIS GUY'S REALLY GOOD!

BUT AS LING HANG OVER THE SILHOUETTE . . .



HERE TAKE, LADY! THANKS FOR YOUR INTRODUCTION—
W—WHAT... PPP

WOOSH!

EEEEEEHAAA! WHAT KIND OF CRAZY TRICK IS THIS?

STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE WAS IN STORE FOR LINC MARS



THEN ANOTHER STRANGE THING HAPPENED . . .



BUT APPARENTLY NOBODY ELSE SAW THE APPARITION.



LOOK! NOW HE'S MADE THE
OLD SAIL LOOK LIKE A WITCH!



BUT AGAIN AND
AGAIN LINC MARS
FOUND THAT HIS
HANDS REFUSED
TO PRACTICE
THEIR ART
CORRECTLY. IT
WAS AS THOUGH
THEY WERE
POSSESSED



FINALLY . . .



A FEW DAYS LATER . . .



THAT SAME DAY LINDA HAD RETURNED TO DENROSE'S CASTLE, TOOK THE REMAINDER OF THE MAGIC SACKCLOTH AWAY. THEN...

YOU SAY YOU READ IN THE PAPER THAT MY UNCLE WAS DYING BUT THAT YOU CAN GIVE HIM LIFE AFTER DEATH? ARE YOU INSANE, YOUNG MAN?

CRAZY LIKE A POL. YES? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE? HE'S GOING TO DIE, ANYHOW!



QUICKLY, LINDA TALKED HER WAY TO THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING INDUSTRIAL TYCOON, PAUL GREELY.

WORTH... WORTH... CARRINGTON. SOMEONE I'VE EVER HEARD OF BUT AT LEAST IT'S ASSURING ME IN MY DYING MOMENTS/GO AHEAD, YOUNG MAN! I TRUST, MAKE OUT A PAPER STATING THAT IF MY CORPSE DISAPPEARS AFTER DEATH, THE YOUNG MAN INHERITS HALF MY FORTUNE!



YES, UNCLE PAUL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE! HIS LIKENESS HAS BEEN CUT FROM THE SACKCLOTH!



WELL, THAT'S I—OH DING! I—OH (GROANS!)

AND, AS LINDA HAD ANTICIPATED...

OOOOH! AS HE DIED THAT SILHOUETTE BURST INTO FLAME!

YEARS! AND LOOK AT HIS BED! IT'S EMPTY! YOU SEE IT NOW MORRY?



THE FEARS OF THE OLD MAN'S DYING STATEMENT WERE QUASHED. THEN LINDA BRIEFLY FOUND THAT SHE'D NOT ONLY LOST HALF HER FORTUNE TO THE HANDSOME ARTIST—BUT HER HEART AS WELL.



NOW THAT WE'RE BOTH RICH, LET'S TAKE A LONG TRIP, DARLING!

NOT NOW. I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO. BEFORE, I HAD A LOT OF DREAMS... AND LOST IT ALL! THIS TIME I'M GOING TO GET SO MUCH I CAN NEVER LOSE IT ALL!



WITH THIS CRAFTY MAGIC CLOTH I CAN GIVE ANYBODY LIFE AFTER DEATH! I CAN GET ANY PRICE I WANT FOR THAT SERVICE!

NO, NO, DARLING! I'M AFRAID! THERE'S SOME TERRIBLE MYSTIC POWER IN THAT CLOTH! WE MUST GET RID OF IT! YOU MUSTN'T RISK CONTINUING TO MEDDLE WITH SUCH STRANGE POWERS!



WITH THAT, LINC FLEW AT IRMA IN MURDEROUS RAGE AND

TRY TO DESTROY MY POWER TO MAKE MONEY, WILL YOU? I— I'LL FLY YOU!

NO, LINC! STOP! AWW WWWW! CAN'T BREATHE! AARRRGGHHH!

WHEN HIS ANGER HAD COOLED AND LINC SAW THAT IN HIS FURY, HE'D KILLED IRMA

3— I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HER CORPSE BEFORE THE POLICE COME! MAYBE THE SACKCLOTH SILHOUETTE WILL WORK AFTER DEATH, TOO? IT— IT'S GOT TO!

BUT AFTER HE'D CUT A SILHOUETTE—

IT— IT DIDN'T WORK! THE SILHOUETTE BURST INTO FLAME. ALL RIGHT, WHEN I'D FINISHED, BUT INSTEAD OF IRMA—

WE MATERIALIZED THE DEEPHOUSE! YOU SEE, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND WHEN THE LAST OF THE SACKCLOTH WAS CUT, THAT HAD TO HAPPEN! NOW YOU WILL DIE, AS FORE-ORIGINATED, AND RELEASE US FROM THE HELLISH WORLD OF THE HALF DEAD!

NO! NO! YOUR LEGEND SAYS I MUST DIE BY MY OWN HAND! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME—

CAN'T HELP

AS IN HIS HORRIFIED HASTE, LINC HAPS STUMBLED AND FELL, THE TERMS OF THE DEEPHOUSE LEGEND WERE FULFILLED

A LITTLE LATER

LOOKS LIKE A CLEAR-CUT CASE OF MURDER AND SUICIDE FOR THE GUY AND THE GALS. ALL RIGHT, BUT WHERE DID THESE OLD SKELETONS COME FROM?

AND HOLDING LITTLE BLACK PAPER CUT-OUTS IN THEIR FINGERS!

GAHHH!

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

THE NIGHT WAS STORMY AND TREACHEROUS AS TWO MEN MOVED FROM THEIR COUNTRY HOME SEVEN MILES OUT OF LONDON. ON CHARLES' FRONT AND HIS SON, PETER, WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CITY TO ANSWER AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM THE HOSPITAL. DR. TRENT WAS A REVEREND SURGEON AND HIS SON, PETER, WAS A PROMISING DOCTOR FOLLOWING IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

THIS WILL BE AN EXPERIENCE FOR YOU, PETER. THE PATIENT I AM GOING TO OPERATE ON HAS A RARE BRAIN DISEASE AND I WILL USE AN INTRICATE OPERATION. IT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO LEARN YOUR NEW METHOD.

Suddenly, their car went out of control, on the slippery road.

WATCH OUT . . . WE'RE GOING TO . . .

DAD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I—I'M TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE! I CAN'T MOVE! I—BUT YOU MUST GO ON TO THE HOSPITAL. THE OPERATION—YOU MUST PERFORM IT!



DR. TRENT RELATED ALL THE STEPS OF THE OPERATION TO HIS SON AND LARGED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HERE PETER MADE HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL AND SENT HELP BACK HE THEN WENT TO THE OPERATING ROOM.

Suddenly . . .
FATHER! BUT HOW? THE OPERATION, MY SON! I WILL STAND AT YOUR SIDE AND DIRECT YOU. AND DIRECT YOU! MURDER, THE PATIENT IS LIVING RAPIDLY!

WITH HIS FATHER'S VOICE GUIDING HIM, PETER'S FINGERS MYSTERIOUSLY PERFORMED THE SURGERY. AFTER TWO HOURS OF STEADY CONCENTRATION, THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.

PETER MOANED ABOUT HIS FATHER OF THE MEN HE SENT TO HIS aid IN THE WRECK.

I—I CAN'T DO IT! IT'S TOO INVOLVED FOR ME—BUT IF I DON'T, THE PATIENT WILL DIE. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PROCEED!

FATHER, YOU'VE HELPED ME DO IT. WHERE IS HE? HE'S VANISHED!

I—I'M SORRY, BUT YOUR FATHER WAS DEAD WHEN WE REACHED HIM!



The RELUCTANT GHOST

HAVE IN THE PAST BEEN CRIMINALLY MENTALLY ILL AND THAT THEY INTEND TO RE-ENTER THE U.S. ON IMMIGRANT VISAS TO OBTAIN THE BENEFITS OF INSURANCE WHICH COVERS THEM FROM THE COST OF MENTAL TREATMENT. IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT WHILE THE U.S. AND FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS HAVE AGREED TO THIS PLAN, THE U.S. HAS NOT YET AGREED TO RE-ENTER THE U.S. ON IMMIGRANT VISAS TO OBTAIN THE BENEFITS OF INSURANCE WHICH COVERS THEM FROM THE COST OF MENTAL TREATMENT.

YOU WILL SHUT YOUR EYES AND MAKE NO SOUND, UNTIL I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD!

THE AIR ABOUT ME IS HEAVILY OBTENDED AND SLOWLY NOW THE SHADY HELL WHICH SEPARATES OUR WORLD FROM THAT OF THE DEAD IS BEING DRAWN ASIDE. YES, I SEE IT NOW! A DARK ROOM HAS BEGUN TO EMERGE!

I COMMAND YOU AND YOURS FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE TO ENTER OUR
CIRCLE OF HELLFIRE. COME
FORTH, SINNERS!





AT THE APPROACH OF MIDNIGHT A STRANGE AND DISTURBING SILENCE SEIZES THE CITY. THEN, AT THE FIRST SOUND OF THUNDER, AN ALARMING BLAST OF LIGHTNING STRIKES A WILDED STREET ACROSS THE MIDNIGHT SKY.



1- IT MUST BE THE TIME! THAT GLOW ACROSS THE SKY!



COME FORWARD, MARGLA RANE, I HAVE BROUGHT THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT CLEOPATRA TO SPEAK TO YOU



CLEOPATRA! SURELY SHE CAN TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

I HAVE BEEN BROUGHT A GREAT DISTANCE TO SPEAK TO YOU, AND TIME IS SHORT. TELL ME WHAT YOU WISH - QUICKLY!



I WANT BEAUTY, GREAT CLEOPATRA, SUCH AS YOU POSSESS!

BEAUTY IS ONLY A TEMPORARY THING. ITS DEATH IS BUT A SHORT MOMENT, AND THEN IT FADING LIKE THE FLOWER OF THE WIND!



DON'T CARE! GIVE ME BEAUTY SUCH AS YOU POSSESS. GIVE ME YOUR BEAUTY, CLEOPATRA, AND I SHALL HAVE ALL I EVER WANTED!

HERE IS MY BEAUTY, THEN! HA! HA! HERE IS BEAUTY AS OLD AS DEATH!



AT THE SIGHT OF THE HORRIFYING APPARITION, THE GIRL CRAWLED TO THE FLOOR IN A DEAD DAZE!



YOU FOOL, "YOU WOULD TRAP ME WITH THINGS BEST LEFT UNTASTED! MYSELF, THIS NIGHT SHALL LIVE IN YOUR MEMORIES! TELL OF YOUR DYING DAY!"



THE FOLLOWING THINGS WHEN GHOST APPEARED HIS FRONT DOOR.

YOU'RE LATE, GIBSON WHY DON'T MARCH WITH YOU.

THAT'S JUST IT, GIBBY—I SIMPLY CAN'T MAKE IT OUT!



I STOPPED BY HER PLACE ON THE WAY HOME, AND SHE BE FELLED TO SEE ME! WOULDN'T GIVE ANY REASON, EITHER!

NEVER MIND HER THEN WE'LL START THE SEANCE WITHOUT HER!



ONCE AGAIN THE MYSTICAL INCANTATION WAS SPEAKED; AND AS IT SURVEINED A FETTERED SPIRIT, THE AIR WAS DISTURBED BY A STRANGEST AND FLUENTIEST WHISTLE.

LOOK! IT APPEARS AGAIN!



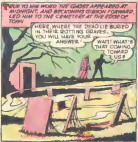
I COME ONCE MORE AS YOU COMMAND, BUT I WARN YOU THAT YOUR ACTION SHALL BIND UNFOLD DISGRACE UPON YOURSELVES! RELEASE MY SPIRIT TO CONTINUE ITS JOURNEY, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

YOUR THREATS MEAN NOTHING! WE ARE PREPARED TO PUT OUR SECOND REQUEST TO YOU SPEAK TO THE SPIRIT, GIBSON—QUICKLY!



MY REQUEST IS TO KNOW THE FUTURE! IMAGINE THE POWER I WOULD HAVE IF I KNEW OF EVENTS BEFORE THEY HAPPENED!

YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REQUEST, YONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT, I SHALL GIVE YOU YOUR GUMPS INTO THE FUTURE!



UP TO HIS NECK THE GHOST APPEARED AT MIDNIGHT, AND SPEAKING GIBSON FORWARD, LED HIM TO THE CEMETERY AT THE EDGE OF TOWN.

HERE, WHERE THE DEAD LIE BURIED IN THEIR ROTTING COFFINS, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR ANSWER!

WHAT! WHAT'S THAT COMING TOWARD US?



IN HIS TIME HE WAS KNOWN AS THE PROPHECY! AM I BEST PREPARED TO FULFILL YOUR REQUEST? FOLLOW HIM!

YES OF COURSE!



WHAT SORT OF
GRANDWAD IS
THAT? THE DEAD
AREN'T BURIED!

THEY ARE BURIED - BUT IN MY
PRESENCE THEY ARE REPEALED
TO YOU AS THEY APPEAR BE-
NEATH THE EARTH! COME, WE
HAVE ONLY A LITTLE MORE
TO DO!



YOU ASKED TO KNOW THE FUTURE, AND YOU
SHALL KNOW IT! LOOK BEHIND YOU AND
SEE FOR YOURSELF!

BEHIND ME?



HAI? IT IS MY OWN
QUESTIONS
WITH MY DATE
OF BIRTH,
AND -

AND YOUR DATE OF
DEATH AS WELL? ONLY
THAT I NEEDS OFF!

HERE LIES
ANDREW GIBSON

BORN - MAY 22 1887
DIED - SEPT 14



YOU DARED TO KNOW
THE FUTURE - NOW
YOU KNOW!

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW
NOT THAT? HELP ME
HELP ME!

UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE
TERRIBLE SHOCK, GIBSON'S
ARM GAVE WAY, AND THE
RIGHT ARM WAS TORN AWAY
A WILD CRY OF MILD
MYSTERY!



HAI HAI!
AN O.U.T. OF
HAI HAI!

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AS GIBSON
WAS ASLEEP IN THE BEDROOM,

SO GIBSON HAD BECOME A DARING
LUNATIC! WELL, HE DESERVED IT! HE
WANTED TOO MUCH - BUT I WON'T
MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWO
TIMES HAS COME FOR ME TO MAKE
MY REQUEST - AND I
SHALL MAKE IT!



COME FORTH, SPIRIT! MAKE
HASTE TO DO MY BIDDING!
AHA, YOU APPEAR QUICKLY
THAT IS GOOD, FOR WE
HAVE A FULL NIGHT'S
WORK AHEAD OF US!



YOU CALL UPON ME ONLY MOSE, ALTHOUGH YOU KNOW I MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS FIRST!

BECAUSE THEY WERE FOOLS, AND I'M RIGHT! MY REQUEST IS A SIMPLE ONE - I WANT MONEY!

WITH MONEY I CAN BUY REALITY! WITH MONEY I NEED NOT KNOW THE FUTURE, FOR MY FUTURE WILL BE SECURE BECAUSE OF MY WEALTH!

AND NOW CAN I HELP YOU ACQUIRE THIS MONEY?

FOR YOU IT WILL BE SIMPLE! SOMEWHERE OUT IN THOSE SWAMPY LIES THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE PRIVATE CAPTAIN LAFITTE - A FASHION OF FORTUNE IN GOLD AND PEARL AND STONES! YOU WILL POINT OUT THE SPOT WHERE IT LIES HIDDEN!

AGREED! WE CAN LEAVE AT ONCE!

FOLOLOWING WITH A GRACE, MARY FOLLOVED THE SPECTRAL MAJOR INTO THE DENSE SWAMP, AND AFTER A HAZARDE MARCH, THEY CAME TO AN OPEN CLEARING...

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF WINDED SPIRITS, I HAVE BEEN DIRECTED TO THIS SPOT. DIS HERE, AND YOU WILL FIND THE TREASURE YOU SEEK!

THAT IS ALL I CARE TO HEAR!

ON THE EDGE OF AN OPEN SWAMP, FURIOUSLY, AND THEN

IT'S HERE! THE TREASURE CHEST - I'VE FOUND IT!

DISCOVERING THE CHEST OUT OF THE MOSE, IT WAS ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE THE BURIED LOCK WAS SHATTERED AND THE LID THROWN BACK.

A KING'S RANSOM! THERE'S MORE GOLD HERE THAN THAT NOISE!

NO MAN OF FLESH AND BONE SHALL TAKE WHAT I HAVE BURIED! BEGONE!

NOT WITHOUT THE TREASURE! FORCE NOTHING BUT DEAD SPIRITS! YOU CAN'T HARM ME!

THE TRAVELER: "HONEY? I WON'T LET YOU TAKE MY POINT— (THE GUN GOES OFF IN BACKGROUND)"



SOURCE: THE MIGHTY REPORT OF THE CURST FORCED THE ORDER GAVE ALL THE MORE QUICKLY AND HE BELONGED WITH A FEW THE INSTINCT TO SAVE HIMSELF AND LOST IT IN THE ALL-CONSUMING CHASE.

IT'S MINE. I TELL YOU! YOU
CAN'T TAKE IT FROM ME!
I'LL HAVE POWER!



IN A BOLDLY BOLDING MOVE, THE MUSEY BOB
OUT THE

FROM POWER
TO THE PEOPLE
ON... **REVENUE**



As THE FINE POWERS OF THE SENSORY SYSTEMS ARE LOST THROUGH THE AGING, THE CHANGES WHICH OCCUR IN THE SENSORY POWER CONTRIBUTE TO THE AGING PROCESS ITSELF.

AT LAST I AM FREE OF THE CLAIMS THIS MORTAL
PLACED UPON ME. NOW I CAN CONTINUE TO MY
APPOINTED DESTINY, WITHOUT
FURTHER DELAY.



The End

WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO THESE SCHOOL PROBLEMS?



Abstract



Full description of the
document provided.



National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools

A BENTON & BOWLES COMPANY

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

MANY MEN HAVE TRIED TO PIERCE THE ETERNITY REALM OF THE SUPERNATURAL ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN ITS WEB OF CHAOS. THE PUREST EXAMPLE OF THIS UNBARTLY MADNESS OCCURRED IN 1858 WHEN EMILE BRIANT, A FRENCH AUTHOR, WAS SEEKING SUBJECT MATTER IN THE VOLUMES OF WEIRD STORIES IN A LIBRARY IN PARIS. AFTER LONG HOURS OF READING THE MACABRE TONES

THESE TALES ARE UNBELIEVABLE! THEY ARE WRITTEN AS THOUGH THE AUTHOR HAS LIVED THESE TORMENTS! I MUST FIND THE WRITER AND SET HIS SECRET



BRIANT FOUND THE AUTHOR IN AN INSTITUTION.

HOW, SIR, COULD YOU WRITE SO VIOLENT ABOUT THE BEYOND?

I HAVE EXPERIENCED ALL I HAVE DOCUMENTED YEARS AGO. I DISCOVERED A POSITION, THAT, WHEN TAKEN BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP, FREES THE MIND FROM MORTAL TIES BUT YOU CANNOT STOP WHEN YOU DESIRE. EVERY MOMENT OF SLEEP BECAME A TORMENT!



BRIANT WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE ANTICIPATION OF VISITING THE KINGDOM OF THE SUPERNATURAL. HE PLIED THE FORMULA FOR THE POSITION FROM THE AUTHOR AND RETURNED HOME

THERE, I DRANK IT! I— I'M SO SLEEPY



IN THE THIRDS OF A DEEP SLUMBER, BRIANT WAS SUDDENLY CATAPULSED INTO A WORLD OF SHALTY AWAY



BRIANT AWOKE AND TRANSFORMED HIS DREAM. HE TOLD HIS WIVES AND WAS ABLED TO PRODUCE MORE. SO EVERY NIGHT HE TRANSPORTED HIMSELF BACK TO THIS FANTASTIC WORLD. MONTHS LATER HE BECAME WEALTHY BUT THE STRAIN WAS TOO GREAT AND HE FOUGHT TO END HIS MACABRE EXCURSIONS. BUT...

AS! THE DREAMS... THEY CONTINUE TO FORM! I CANNOT STOP THEM! GRIHH!



BRIANT'S FORMERED NOSE COULD NOT REST THE MOMENT HE CLOSED HIS EYES HE WAS TORTURED BY HORRIFIC DREAMS. HE SUFFERED A MENTAL COLLAPSE AND WAS INTERRED AT THE SAME INSTITUTION WHERE HE'D FOUND THE KEY TO THE SECRETS OF THE BEYOND...

YES, MY SON! THERE IS A WAY TO STOP THE DREAMS. I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN DOING SO. YOU MUST DO AS I HAVE DONE. I HAVE NOT SLEPT IN TWENTY-THREE YEARS!



THE END

SLAVES OF THE UNDEAD BRAIN.



THE ROBOTS HAVE GONE MAD! ALL THEIR RELAYS HAVE BEEN SHORT-CIRCUITED AND I CAN'T FIX THEM! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

MR. THORSON, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE. MR. THORSON, YOU'RE WANTED AT CONFERENCE. WHAT? MR. THORSON. MR. THORSON.

BRROOOOM!!

KRONACH'S GREAT SCIENTIFIC BRAIN HAD BEEN PLUCKED CLEAN, AND TITRONICS INCORPORATED, WAITING FORTUNER MEN WITH UNTAPPED GENIUS, FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO GET RID OF HIM. BUT EVEN AS THORSON COLD-BLOODEDLY EASED HIS PARTNER OUT, A THOUSAND ELECTRONIC RELAYS WENT INTO ACTION LIKE MACHINES, MECHANICAL WISE MEN AND AT THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE, MEANWHILE, TEARING AND UNTIL ONE DAY IT WOULD COME CRASHING DOWN UPON THORSON'S HEAD.



THORSON WAS HALF OWNER OF TITRONICS, INC. FOR YEARS NOW HE HAD PLOTTED HIS PARTNER KRONACH'S DEATH.

A SLIGHT SHOVE AND KRONACH WAS DISMISSED FROM THE SEVENTY-THIRD FLOOR.

THERE WON'T BE A SINGLE BITCH, KRONACH! I'VE ARRANGED YOUR PAPERS, YOUR WILL... EVERYTHING POINTS TO SUICIDE! AND YOUR RECENT FAILURES WILL REINFORCE IT!

I ANTICIPATED YOUR RUTHLESSNESS, THORSON! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! MY DEATH WILL BE AVENGED, EVEN FROM THE GRAVE!



TOO BAD, KRONACH, BUT YOU'VE OUTFLIPPED YOUR USEFULNESS! NOW TITRONICS, INCORPORATED BELONGS TO ME, ONE HUNDRED PERCENT! HA HA HA!

AAAAA!

THE NEXT DAY, ACCORD TO HIS MINDSET OF THE EMPLOYEES WHO MIGHT STILL BE LOYAL TO HIS DEAD PARTNER



I ASKED AN HOUR AGO FOR THOSE PAST DUE ACCOUNTS! WHAT AM I PAYING YOU FOR? THIS INEFFICIENCY IS COSTING US THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

I - I CAN'T LOCATE IT!

IT USED TO BE HERE!



YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW GET OUT... EVERY ONE OF YOU IS FIRED! YOU'LL FIND YOUR CHECKS WAITING AT THE SWITCHBOARD, YOUR PACE OF HUNDREDS!



HAH! HAH! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTOR! I HAD THE PAPERS IN MY DESK ALL THE TIME! NOW I'M REP OF THE WHOLE SHOOTING LOT KNOWING HERE! I'LL SCREEN MY OWN HELP!



DISCREETLY AS THOMPSON TURNED TO HIS DESK TO CALL AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

WHAT THE...? WHO SENT FOR YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM HERE! I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE IN NEED OF HELP! THAT IS WHY I CAME! MAY I SERVE YOU?



YOU? WHAT CAN YOU DO THAT A STAFF OF TWELVE, HIGH-SALARIED EXPERTS COULDN'T?

I AM A GREAT TECHNICIAN! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW AN OFFICE CAN BE RUN WITH-

OUT HUMAN ASSISTANCE... EACH PIECE OF EQUIPMENT WILL BE A SLAVE TO YOUR EVERY WHIM!



AS THOMPSON WATCHED, STRANGER PEOPLE MOVED WITH LIGHTNING MOVEMENTS UNDER NEWBORN'S DEFT FINGERS

WHAT ARE YOU COMING TO MY MASTER'S FILE? IF YOU UPSET IT, I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HOOT!

NO NEED TO WORRY! A FEW MORE WIRES AND THERE IT IS, FINISHED! NOW BACK TO YOUR DESK, MR THOMPSON, AND ASK FOR ANY INFORMATION YOU WOULD REQUEST FROM A FILE CLERK



AS THOMPSON'S VOICE BOUNDED, THE FORTUITOUS FILE BLAZED TO HIS DESK, SPINNING ITS CABLES HASTY

I WANT THE TEN OUTSTANDING DELINQUENT ACCOUNTS OF-OF... IT'S AMAZING! THE FILE IS MOVING BY ITSELF... COMING TO ME!

THIS IS ONLY ONE SMALL INNOVATION I HAVE PLANNED, IF YOU WILL ALLOWING, YOUR ENTIRE OFFICE WILL RESPOND TO YOUR VOICE, YOUR SLIGHTEST GESTURE!



MR. HARVEY BROWN OF ALLIED CHEMICALS OWES YOU FIVE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY DOLLARS. A COURT ORDER WOULD FORCE BANKRUPTCY PRODUCING LIQUID ASSETS.

AMAZING! THE FILE NOT ONLY TELLS ME WHO OWES ME MONEY, BUT HOW TO COLLECT IT! NOW, I'M TAKING A THREE DAY VACATION! I GIVE YOU FREE HAND TO REMOVE THIS OFFICE COMPLETELY.



A BOY, A GIRL AND THE LITTLE MANVES SWIFT OUT AS SILENTLY AS HE HAD COME.

WAIT A MINUTE, WHEN I HAVEN'T ASKED HOW MUCH THIS JOB WILL... THAT'S RIGHT HE-HE'S GONE!



NO ELEVATOR STOPPED? BUT HE WOULDN'T WALK DOWN SEVENTY-THREE FLOORS. DO HE DISAPPEAR INTO THE AIR? NO, I'VE JUST OVERSTRAINED MY WRIST! I REALLY NEED THAT VACATION!



When THORSEN returns from a LONG WEEK END IN DENMARK.

GOOD MORNING MR. THORSEN! THERE HAVE BEEN THREE PHONE CALLS FOR YOU. A CONFERENCE HAS BEEN SET WITH YOUR PUBLICITY STAFF IN OFFICE 888 AND THERE ARE SOME LETTERS FOR YOUR SIGNATURE!

YES— THIS MUST BE A DREAM! THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HERE, YET THOSE UNGODLY ROBOTS ARE AT WORK ALREADY!



A CHAIR ROLLED OVER TO CATCH HIS BALL. TYPEWRITERS CLACKED, COMPUTERS ADDS... THE ENTIRE OFFICE WAS ALIVE.

READY FOR DICTATION, MR. THORSEN? THESE INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUR COURTESY ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT CAN'T WAIT!

U.P. / YES. OF COURSE! JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET USED TO ALL OF THIS!



A WEEK LATER AT HIS SALES CONFERENCE.

WHAT IS THAT THING, A SAG, MR. THORSEN? IT - IT IS WRITING DOWN EVERYTHING WE SAY!

JUST A LITTLE INVENTION OF MINE. PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT NOW THE REST OF YOU MAY GO. I WANT JUST JOE AND HARRY TO STAY.



ONCE ALONE WITH HIS SALES MANAGERS, THORSEN PUT THE HEAT ON.

YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION! WHY ARE YOUR SALES RECORDS FALLING? I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE SELLING ME OUT TO GENERAL UTILITIES!

NO... FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL THE CHAIR TO LET GO OF MY WRIST! I CAN'T TALK UNDER TORTURE! WHAT'S SOME ONE? BRO-MACH NEVER TREATED US THIS WAY!

THE ARMY KNOCKACH WAS ENOUGH TO SEND THORSON INTO A STEELING FURY

YOU WHEEZY PIPESUCKER! I KNOW WHY YOU'RE STALLING! I'VE HAD YOUR CONVERSATIONS RECORDED! YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I DO THINGS... YOU'RE STILL LOYAL TO KNOCKACH?



THAT'S RIGHT, THORSON! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE AN IDIOT LITTLE DICTATOR AND WE WANT NO PART OF IT! LET US OUT OF HERE!

WHEN THORSON RELEASED THEM

GET OUT! YOU'RE BOTH FIRED AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE BLACKBALLED IN THE WHOLE INDUSTRY!



WE'LL DO, GLAD TO! BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS, YOU ROBOT-MAN SWINE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, STILL HURDING THEIR ANGER...

QUIET, HARRY! WHO KNOWS WHAT KIND OF BADSET HE'S GOT BUILT UP TO LISTEN TO US!

I DON'T CARE! I JUST WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MASTER SWITCHBOARD INSIDE AND PULL ALL HIS ROBOTS APART! I'LL SHOW HIM HE CAN'T TREAT US LIKE DOGS!



TO THEIR SURPRISE...

I HAD A HUNCH YOU'D RETURN THAT IS, ONE OF MY ROBOT SCANNERS OVERHEARD YOU AS YOU LEFT. NOW WHAT KIND OF DESTRUCTION DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?



AARRR, THE DOOR LOOKED ON US! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JOE, BEFORE HE CUTS US LOOSE WITH HIS CRAZY TOYS!

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE, AS THORSON PULLED SEVERAL ELECTRONIC RELAY BUTTONS

TOY, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THESE TOYS CAN DO, YOU BABYFACER!

AARRR, GET THE TINGS OFF ME! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



THE INCINERATOR IS READY, MR. THORSON!

WOOF! I WANT TO GET RID OF THEM RIGHT NOW! I DON'T WANT A WORD OF THIS TO ESCAPE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

I CAN AFFORD TO BE RUDE, LESS WHEN I HAVE SUCH WILLING SLAVES TO DO MY DIRTY WORK. NOW I'LL START ON MY COMPETITORS!



AARRR! WOOF!



But as Thorson turned back to his office

I MUST WARN YOU, THORSON, YOU ARE COUNTING DISASTER BY USING THESE ROBOTS FOR EVIL PURPOSES! ONE DAY THEY WILL REFUSE TO OBEY!

I DON'T THINK SO! THEY'RE ONLY MACHINES AND MACHINES CAN'T RETALIATE! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE! I'LL RUN THEM AS I SEE FIT! NOW GET OUT!



A WEEK LATER THORSON INVITED HIS COMPETITORS TO A CONFERENCE

I THINK MY PROPOSAL IS PAST SIXTY MILLION FOR YOUR COMBINED HOLDINGS, PLUS A TEN PERCENT SHARE EACH OF THE NEW STOCK!

PREPOSTEROUS! MY FIRM IS WORTH THAT ALONE!

AND DON'T FORGET, MR. THORSON, IT'S YOUR COMPANY THAT'S SLIPPING, NOT OURS!



THEY LEFT, SEETHING WITH INDIGNATION, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO THE FINE ELECTRONIC RELAY UNITS THORSON HAD ATTACHED TO THEIR CLOTHING.

BAH, THORSON IS MAD! HE MUST BE DEGRADING! I DON'T GIVE HIM BUSINESS ANOTHER MONTH!

WE'LL SEE, GENTLEMEN! WITH THOSE TINY ELECTRONIC MISSILES FASTENED TO YOU, SOON I WILL SEND YOU TO THE DEVIL AND YOUR BUSINESS WILL FOLLOW!



WHEN A HALF HOUR HAD PASSED.

ATTENTION, ELECTRONIC UNIT TWO, TWO! FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS! AT THE FIRST RAILROAD CROSSING YOU MUST HALT ALL POWER OF ANY KIND IN MR. LATIMER'S CAR.



WITH SHOCKED SURPRISE LATIMER NOTICED HIS CAR HAD HALTED RIGHT ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

IT'S INCREDIBLE HOW MY MOTOR STOPPED SO SUDDENLY! AND HERE COMES THE 6:08 EXPRESS! I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!



NO REMEMBER, NOTHING! NO POWER, ELECTRICAL, MECHANICAL OR OTHERWISE MUST FUNCTION!

I CAN'T OPEN THE DOORS! CAN'T GET OUT! NOTHING WORKS! I'LL BE KILLED! AAAAAH!



THE 6:08 EXPRESS WAS UNABLE TO STOP.



NOBODY noticed in the excitement of the crash the tiny metal wheel rolling away from the side of...



POOR DEVIL STALLED ON THE TRACKS! I JUST COULDN'T STOP IN TIME!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

FLASHED WITH VICTORY, THORSEN TURNED TO HIS NEXT INTENDED VICTIM...



NOW LET'S SEE! MARY BROOKS COULD AND LOVED TO DEMONSTRATE HIS NEW CENTRON CAR LIGHTER OF WHICH HE'S SO PROUD. HA HA, HE'LL WISH HE NEVER INVENTED IT!

IN THE LEVIST CLUB, MARY WAS RELIVING HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THORSEN.



BZZZZZ! BTPS CENTRON HAS TO BE IGNITED ON CONTACT... BZZZZZ.

WE'LL HAVE THORSEN ON HIS KNEES SOON! FIFTY-OUT BROOKS HE'S LOST! WHAT DID HE EVER WANT? NOW LOOK AT THIS LIGHTER I PRODUCED... WONDERFUL! WATCH!

A TORRENT OF SMOKES AND FLAME SHOT FROM THE INCENDENT LIGHTER...



HAARREEE!

GOOD HEAVENS! WE'RE ON FIRE! SET AN EXTINGUISHER, QUICKLY!

ONLY A CHARRED BLACKENED FIGURE REMAINED WHEN THE FLAMES WERE EXTINGUISHED...



HIS OWN INVENTION! HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO USE IT! BUT HE SAID IT WAS FANTASTIC!

I THOUGHT THOSE FLAMES WOULD NEVER GO OUT! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE!

IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS TRIUMPH, THORSEN SUDDENLY RAN INTO TROUBLE...



AS SOON AS THE RELAY UNITS RETURNED, THE WHOLE OFFICE STOPPED OPERATIONS! THE PHONE WON'T WORK... I CAN'T EVEN MOVE A CURTAIN... EVERYTHING IS POWERLESS! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



BLAST IT! I CAN'T EVEN GET THE DOOR OPEN, EVERYTHING HAS BEEN SHORT-CIRCUITED OUT... BUT WHY? HOW? I NEED YOU! COME AT ONCE!

OUT OF BOMBERS, AS BEFORE, HEND ENTERED

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN'T FIX IT? EVERYTHING WAS WORKING FINE UNTIL IT FRITZED OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO FIX IT! YOU'RE THE GREAT MECHANICAL GENIUS!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WITH YOUR EVIL ABUSE OF THESE DELICATE ROBOTS YOU'VE THROWN THE ELECTRONIC MATTER BRAIN OUT OF FOCUS! IT CANNOT BE FIXED!



A VIOLENT FIT OF RAGE DROPT OVER THORSON AS HIS REQUEST WAS AGAIN REFUSED

YOU COMBATED LITTLE APE! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO DISOBEY JIM THORSON!



AS HEND FELL TO THE FLOOR

(GASP) ...HEND WAS ONLY A ROBOT! THAT VOICE... IT'S KRONACKER! AND HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR THREE MONTHS!

YOU'VE BROUGHT THE DESTRUCTION ON TO YOURSELF, THORSON, WITH YOUR GREED AND CRUELTY... AS I KNEW YOU WOULD! THE ROBOTS ARE IN REVOLT!



BEFORE THORSON WAS AWARE OF THE REBELLION

THORSON! THEY'VE TURNED ON ME! OOOOOW! MUMMUR! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



CRAWLING TO THE OUTSTRETCHED ROBOT HE SMASHED AT ITS HEELS

IT'S MY ONLY HOPE! IF I CAN SMASH HEND TO FRAGMENTS AND KILL THAT HATEFUL VOICE IN HIM, MAYBE THE MACHINES WILL STOP ATTACKING ME AND LET ME GO!

STOP, THORSON, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE SECOND BLOW RELEASED A TERRIBLE POUND HIDDEN WITHIN THE ROBOT AND



ONLY ONE VOICE WAS HEARD IN THE DEMOLISHED OFFICE BUT IT WASN'T THORSON'S, HE COULDN'T EVEN HEAR

MR. THORSON, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE! MR. THORSON, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE TELEPHONE! MR. THORSON, THORSON, THORSON, WANTED... WANTED... WANTED...



THE END

THE VOW

In a seacoast town in Massachusetts, north of Boston, north of Lynn, stands a house many-gabled and turreted, an ancient wooden monstrosity before which the townspeople, passing on a late night, cross themselves as they hurry by. Years ago the halls and floors of the Frame Place, as it was called, resounded to the clump of wide-roving sea captains, but now, it was whispered, only an old bare man lived within and his slippered feet made hardly a whisper as they slid along the moulding floor. "Old Andy," he was called by the people of the town, with a mixture of fear and affection, and though some of the old gaffers claimed they remembered him, no one had seen his face for over forty years.

On a cool evening last fall, the wind blowing brisk from the east, a young man, straight and lean and with bright hawk's eyes, stopped up to the house as if it were no more than the nearest hotel, and rapped smartly on the door. He rapped, and rapped again, and when he was convinced there was no answer, he returned to the small frame hotel where only an hour earlier he had taken a room.

"I thought you said Old Andy was still alive," he observed to the hotel owner. "There was no answer and the place has the smell of death."

"That it has," said an old man, listening, puffing on his pipe. "But Old Andy still lives."

"But why won't he answer?" asked the young man. "I'm the grandson of his sister, come clear from Indiana, and I want to see him before I go off to sea. Why won't he answer the door?"

"He has his reasons," returned the old gaffer. "Aye, you have the Frame eyes, clear and bright for seeing great distances, yet you will not see Old Andy nor will you go to sea. Now we have had enough of talk, young man, and if you will heed my advice, you will take the first train back to Indiana and never set foot aboard galleon or ship."

He took his pipe and puffed away, and would say no more, though young Bart Redfern, grandson of the sister of Old Andy, kept plying him with questions. Shaking his head at the stubbornness of old men, Bart finally went up to his room.

Next day he was up early and went immediately to the Frame Place, but still there was no sign of life within. Bart decided to go to the Town Hall, to get permission to make forced, though legal, entry.

"We cannot give permission to force the door," he was told. "If Old Andy wanted to see you, he would let you in. We cannot allow you entry if the owner refuses it."

Bart wiped his face with his handkerchief. "You're all talking in riddles," he said. "I only want to see my grandmother's brother. If he's alive, as you say he is, he must be sick. Otherwise, he'd let me in. He's either dead—or too sick to answer the door. If there's a heart in you, let me break in."

Bart Redfern was met with a stony stare. "Old Andy," the Town Clerk said, "is alive and well. And if you try to break in, you will be clapped in jail."

On the third day of Bart's visit, toward dusk, he spied a boy carrying a small box start to the rear of the Frame Place. Bart caught him just as he passed the backyard gate.

"Who see you?" Bart demanded. "And what are you doing?"

The boy looked scared at Bart's tone.

"Just deliverin' the groceries," he said quickly. "I'm not doin' no harm. Just deliverin' the groceries."

"Let me bring it in," Bart said. "I'll pay you. Look." He held out a ten dollar bill. "It's yours if you let me bring it in for you."

The boy studied the bill. "I don't bring nothin' in," he said. "I just leave it by the door."

"And when does Old Andy take in the package?" Bart asked.

The boy shrugged. "I donna. Nobody ever seen him take it in. Once a week I bring the groceries and there's an envelope by the door I take back to Mr. Krindler. I don't know nothin' else, honest, mister."

The boy was telling the truth, Bart realized. But the truth of the boy and the truth of the old gaffer and the truth of the Town Clerk still added up to nothing in Bart's mind. He had to leave the next day if he wanted to make his ship, and not only had he not seen Old Andy, he had learned nothing of him.

"Look," he said suddenly. "Let me just write a note and I'll put it in one of these bags. It'll be worth a dollar to you."

The boy shifted his feet. "Reckon there's no harm in writing a note," he said.

Bart scribbled hastily on a piece of paper. "I'm the grandson of your sister," he wrote. "I've heard from my grandmother what great suffering even

your family had "Tomorrow I go to ship out to sea and I wanted to talk to you. At least, to get your blessing." He signed the note, "Bart Redfern."

He watched the door from a distance all evening. He did not see it open, did not see the parcel of groceries taken in. Yet Old Andy must have read the note, for along toward midnight Bart saw the glow of a candle suddenly and he knew the door must have swung inward. He felt a momentary chill at the strangeness of it all, and then he gathered his muscles and went forward and entered.

He saw no one. He could have sworn there was no one else inside the house, yet the package of groceries had disappeared and there was a fresh candle lighted on the mantel. He wondered if he should try the next room. Then he heard the voice. It was an old voice, hoarse and throaty, and something about its timbre sent a chill racing inside Bart Redfern.

"So you wish to go to sea, young man," the voice said with a tired sigh. "You have heard many stories of the Frame men and now you too hunger for the sea. But the sea is not for you . . . nor for any Frame hereafter. The Frames have been banished from all the seas forever."

Bart Redfern, whose maternal grandmother was a Frame, sat tight on his chair and blinked. His throat clogged as he sought his voice.

"Where are you?" he said at last. "Why can't I see you? And why do you say the Frames have been banished from the sea?"

A soft sigh came to Bart. A tired sigh out of the darkness.

"When the sea is betrayed," the voice went on, "a price must be paid. I betrayed the sea . . . forty years and more ago I betrayed the men of the sea in a typhoon, off the China coast. I was at the helm . . . and a panic seized me. The ship went down—my two brothers with it. Somehow I was picked up by a passing freighter the next day. No one knows how I lived—death would have been merciful. So I was brought home, the sole survivor of a ship that foundered because I had a moment's panic. To this day, to this moment, no one knows why the ship foundered. Only I—add now, you. But I paid my price for living. I vowed never again to look at the sea . . . not on the faces of men."

Bart sat silent, chilled. Finally he found his voice. "Then you have paid, poor man. But I— I have betrayed no one."

There was a tired groan. "My vow was not for me alone. It was for all who have a drop of Frame blood. For at sea, not only your own life but the lives of many others hang in the balance.

It is too great a risk. So Frame men must live by the land now. And only Frame men will know why."

Bart sat silent, cold, his eyes trying to penetrate the darkness. He had heard the voice clear enough, but could he let a creaking voice stand between him and his ambition? He would not be a Frame if he could so easily be descended from the ocean's lure. He too would have betrayed something in his blood if all his years' plans were destroyed by a voice in the dark . . . a voice without body, without face . . . This was, after all, an ancient house, in a town where once witches were said to have lurked.

With a hoarse cry, Bart bounded from his chair. He would search this house. He would find where the voice came from. He ran into the adjoining room, and the next after that—and still saw nothing. A staircase loomed before him, blurred in the darkness. Bart doubled up the stairs. It was dark, gloomy, and he felt his heart pounding. There! He was at the head of the stairs now. One more step, and then—

On the old worn wood Bart's foot slid . . . slipped. He felt himself falling . . . falling. A great, sobbing cry escaped his lips and he felt a great blow on his head, and then there was utter, complete blackness. . .

When Bart opened his eyes, he found himself on a bed and his left leg in a heavy plaster cast. A woman in white hovered by him and beside her a man who introduced himself as Doctor Gaines.

"This is Mercy Hospital," the doctor said. "Your leg is broken in two places."

"I have missed my ship then," said Bart. "How long before I can go to sea?"

"Ship? Sea?" The doctor frowned. "I know nothing of that. You screamed—the first sign of life in the old Frame Place in forty years. That's why you were found. If you hadn't screamed, no one might have entered that house for years."

Bart tried to keep his voice even. "And Old Andy—was anyone else there?"

The doctor nodded. "Old Andy—dead in his bed. The coroner placed his death at three days ago. Incidentally, what were you saying about your ship and the sea?"

Bart passed a hand before his eyes. "Doctor," he said finally, you must be dreaming. I know nothing of the sea or ships. I'm going back to work as I can move—back to my farm in Indiana."

And to himself he made a vow that Old Andy's secret would be buried with the old man who for one frame moment had panicked in a typhoon off the China Seas . . . and who had died three days before his arrival here.

The Spell of the Hypnotic Chord.

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL ATTEMPT TO LIVE UP TO MY CLAIM TO THE TITLE "THE GREATEST MIND-THROWER EVER TO EXIST" BY PERFORMING A TRICK THE NEVER EVER COME AHEAD!



WHAT WERE THE STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS IN THE MANNER OF BARBER THAT AROUSE THEIR HEAVY OWNERS TO GAZE AT HIM IN AWE THAT SUCH A MAN SHOULD BE DEAD? HE SEEMED AS THOUGH HE WAS A MASTER, BUT PERHAPS IT IS ONLY CONVENTION THAT THE CLOSE OF BARBER CAN BE HEARD, HE SO WHAT ABOUT THE UNUSUALNESS OF HIS DISASTROUS FORTUNE THE SPELL OF THE HYPNOTIC CHORD? BUT YOU WILL UNDERSTAND MORE AS YOU PERUSE THE REST OF THIS WANDERER'S CHRONICLE!

YOU'VE SEEN MY PERFORM. UNFOLDING. NOW, I SHALL HAND TO MY TEETH AS I BRING TO THE EXTREME OF 100 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE, AND WHILE LOOKING UPWARD WILL OUTLINE MY ASSISTANT'S BODY WITH MY KNIFE!



"HE'S KILLING ME!"

"IT CAN'T BE DONE!"

"IMPOSSIBLE!"

"NO! NO! YOU MUSTN'T TRY IT!"

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, JENKINS AND WARDEN, ON THE NIGHT JENKINS WENT TO BE RELEASED, OF VINCENT ON FIRST ENTERED THE HALLWAY CORRIDOR...

COME IN, VINCE. I'VE BEEN HOLDING OFF THE HANGING UNTIL YOU GOT HERE! BY THE WAY, HOW THAT FAMOUS COMPOSED BOOTHIE SOUNDED OF YOURS?

WARDEN: HE'S FINE! HE'S ON HIS WAY TO BOYER'S TO GO TO PAGE 6 TO LECTURE AT THE CONVENTORY OF MUSIC...



HE'S A BRILLIANT COMPOSER... DR. JENKINS, IT'S TIME YOU MAY FETCH THE PRISONER!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, JENKINS WOULD BE BACK BEFORE THE GALLERY...

YOU, NO DOUBT, ARE THE DOCTOR WHO IS TO PRODUCE ME DEAD. BE! WHEN MY CLERK WILL, DOCTOR... AND YOU WARDEN PRISONER! YOU ARE AS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DEATH AS THOSE WHO SENT ME HERE!



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE PRISONER WAS CHASED. AND AS DR. JENKINS GLADLY CONCLUDED HIS EXAMINATION...

WELL, HE'S DEAD, AL RIGHT! VINCE! THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU FROM THE HOSPITAL! IT SOUNDS QUITE URGENT BETTER HURRY!



HELLO, YES, WHAT? A TRAIN Wreck? WARDEN I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN!



A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE HOSPITAL...

BUT JENKINS HADN'T BEEN...



CAUTIONED CRIMINALS BEYOND OPERATIVE SEPARATION THERE'LL HAVE TO BE ANNOTATED. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW THE VALUE OF HIS HANDS TO HIM. I WOULDN'T SAY IT UNLESS...



YES, I KNOW AND YET, WHY? WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO REPEAT ANOTHER CASE OF HANGING TO MAKE LET'S SAY THE HANDS OF A DECENTLY CEASED PRISONER?



I... I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN GET THESE HANDS... IT'S A WONDERFUL ATTEMPT. HE'S NOTHING TO LOSE!



LISTEN, JULE. IT'S
VITALLY IMPORTANT.
SANDERS HAS NO
BETTER IDEAS TO CLAIM
HIS BODY. I'D LIKE
TO CLAIM IT FOR
PURPOSES OF
RESEARCH!



I GUESS IT'LL BE
ALL RIGHT VINCE?
THERE'S NOTHING
IN THE RULES
AGAINST IT!



WORKING QUICKLY AGAINST THEM. DR. VINCENT
WAS LEFT PARALYZED THE OPERATION - THANKS,
HOPE THAT STOOD AGAINST - WAS NOT TRYING AT -

THIS IS TOO MUCH OF
A STRAIN, VINCE. LET
ME FINISH UP!



WELL I'LL
FINISH
IT!

A FEW YEARS LATER, THE FINAL
TEST TOOK PLACE. THE
SANDERS WERE ENJOINED.

IN ALL THE ANNALS
OF MEDICAL HISTORY
THERE'S NEVER
BEEN AN OPERATION
LIKE THIS, HAS IT?



IF IT
TURNS
OUT
I'LL OWE
MY LIFE
TO YOU,
VINCE!

THEY. THEY
FEEL SO
STRANGE.
VINCE?
WHY WHAT
SHALL
I DO?



DO ANYTHING
YOU WANT. FICE
UP SOMETHING
JUST USE THEM



WITHOUT FINISHING, MARK PICKED
UP THE DEADLY SCALPEL, AND
THREW IT TOWARD HIS BROTHER!



MARK? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?



DEAR SCOTT! I-- I ALMOST
KILLED YOU! BUT I DIDN'T
WANT TO! I COULDN'T HELP
IT, VINCE! MY HAND... IT
JUST GOBBLED AT THAT
MOMENT! I COULDN'T
EVEN CONTROL IT!





AND SUDDENLY, AS IF IN A HYPER-TRANCE, HIGH ALONG THE STAIRS, BEING MUSICAL CHAIRS, JAMES BOKE AND LEFT.



"YOU MUST USE MY HANDS AS A SECRET!" WHEN THE PRESS ARE DONE, I SHALL TAKE BACK MY HANDS!

IF AN HOUR IS RETURNED AND A-T-A TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE PIANO...



RABBIT DENIED!

WELL, I CAN! I MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO A SYNCOPE WHILE WORKING ON MY CONCERTO. THE PIANO'S SINGING!



RINGING!



HELLO! OH SINCE I WON'T PUT THE SEEN RIGHT HERE, OF COURSE, CERTAINLY IN SEE THE SEEN WORKING ON AN CONCERTO ALL AFTERNOON, WHY?

JUDGE RABBIT AND THREE JUDGES WHO SERVED AT RABBIT'S TRIAL HAVE BEEN RAISED TO THE WEST COAST!



YOU AGAIN!

YES YOU HAVE DONE WELL TODAY, BUT WAIT TILL TOMORROWE TOMORROW! NOW WE CLAIM THE OTHER JUSTICE, THE PROSECUTOR... AND YOUR BROTHER!



...AND IT ACCUSED ME FOR THE MURDER. AS IF I HAD DONE THEM! HE SAID MORE JUDGES, THE PROSECUTOR, AND FOR MORE MEAT!

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, MAN! IT WAS JUST A DREAM! YOU KNOW YOU DIDN'T DO IT!



BUT LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

WELL, WHY, IT'S JUST AS RABBIT SAID! IT CAN'T BE! AND YET...

EXTRA! SEE! EXTRA! THREE MORE VICTIMS FROM RABBIT'S TRIAL!

THESE THREE VICTIMS FROM RABBIT'S TRIAL...

IS THIS EXTREME CASE AN EXHIBIT
 THAT? (ALARM) WHERE ARE YOUR
 MARKS? AND WHY DON'T DO
 IT? BOMBS!



AND ON THE NEXT DAY SCOTLAND YARD
 RECEIVED ANOTHER HINT!



THAT'S IT! HE MIGHT BE STAYING WITH HIS
 FATHER. HE MAY GET OUR CLUE FROM MARK
 SINCE HE WAS THE DOCTOR WHO RECOGNIZED
 SANDER DEAD!



WORKING FOR SOME EVIDENCE THE DETECTIVE
 FOUND IT IN THE NEARBY TO A LITTLE TRUNK OF
 A LITTLE CASE AND THERE THEY FOUND



YOU MEAN HE MIGHT BE
 KILLED IN A BROTHER
 AND THEN COMMITTED
 SUICIDE? NO, THAT
 COULDN'T BE
 POSSIBLE!



THIS CAN COULDN'T HOLD A MURDER
 WE TELL UP NIGHT ANY MURDER!



**BE
BEST-DRESSED
AND SAVE!**

10 DRESSES 3 45
ALL FOR ONLY

PRICE INCLUDES ALL 10 DRESSES!
BEAUTIFUL BRAND-NEW COLLECTION OF LATEST STYLES!

Look smart and stylish in these amazingly low priced glamorous dresses that have been carefully cleaned and pressed—in good condition for all occasions! A sensational assortment of gorgeous one and two-piece modern styles in stunning colors and in a variety of luxurious fabrics—silk, gabardine, satins, wools, etc. Spectacular dresses—original value up to \$50!

\$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!

No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

MENTION AGE AND SIZE WHEN ORDERING

RUSH ORDER NOW! Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

**FREE GIFT
WITH EVERY
ORDER!**

FIT-RITE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

15 HESTER ST., DEPT. AF-3, NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

RUSH 10 DRESSES for \$3 45 and FREE GIFT for promptness \$1 deposit enclosed, 1 per postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

No order accepted without \$1 deposit

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

You must be 100% satisfied with merchandise or return within 15 days for full refund. No return charge. **LOWEST PRICES and BEST QUALITY**

12 CHILDREN'S DRESSES 3 45
ALL FOR ONLY

Tremendous assortment! Good condition, ready to wear. Washable, colorful cottons! Price includes all 12 dresses!

Only BEST offers
12 Children's Dresses
at this low LOW price!

Sizes 1-6X **\$3.45**
Sizes 7-14 **\$3.95**

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!

RUSH ORDER NOW! Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.

\$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!

No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

BEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE

20 MONTGOMERY ST., DEPT. AF-4, NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

NAME	Age	Size	Price
ADDRESS			
CITY			
STATE			
NO ORDER ACCEPTED WITHOUT \$1 DEPOSIT.			

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

You must be 100% satisfied with merchandise or return within 15 days for full refund. No return charge. **LOWEST PRICES and BEST QUALITY**

Men: this newly developed Anatone Belt gives healthful support while it slims!



If you are made uncomfortable by sagging stomach muscles, a sallow weight around your middle gives you that drooped down feeling...you can do it to yourself by the time you're 40. The ANATONE BELT is a new development of support by a team of doctors - two osteopaths, physical therapists and medical men. The ANATONE BELT proved its wonder-working value in kind after long with men in all walks of life.

But why does the ANATONE BELT help men who dropped pounds? It supports your stomach and other vital organs. It is a brace for the back and kidney areas, designed to help you get the

weight out of your back. It encourages breathing. The ANATONE BELT keeps you hot and back (in a new way) if when you give you a little constant compression.

The ANATONE BELT is scientifically designed for men who cannot comb out a stomach problem. It looks very much like the white phenomenon fabric against the abdomen, but it's made of special elastic and fabric with even spaced clothing and knicker-carry panels. There is no elastic gear to bind you and special elastic prevents wrinkling and creasing.

So forget about diets, forget about exercises! Buy the ANATONE BELT for just 10 days. If you don't agree it's brightening you, well, and slims you, you'll never feel confident about back. But don't wait till your condition gets worse. Buy the ANATONE BELT and start feeling young again!

Thousands of men are wearing the ANATONE BELT. It's a new way of staying young. The ANATONE BELT keeps you hot and back (in a new way) if when you give you a little constant compression.



For a limited time only!

\$4.98

The ANATONE BELT comes with a 10-day money-back guarantee.

MAGIC MOLD, Dept. ANATONE
607 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.



Before and after wearing the ANATONE BELT.



Every body needs support. The ANATONE BELT is a new way of staying young. It's a new way of staying young. It's a new way of staying young.

**10 day
free
trial**

**Send
no
money**

Magic-Mold, Dept. ANATONE

607 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days, 100% risk-free, an ANATONE BELT. I will give you a full refund if you are not completely satisfied. I will return the ANATONE BELT for full refund of purchase price.

My name is _____

I send it to you for 10 days of your money, if you like it, please return it to me.

Address _____

City and State _____

Enclosed \$1.00. We will charge \$1.00 if you do not return it. We will charge \$1.00 if you do not return it. We will charge \$1.00 if you do not return it.